

Ots's Lamentation

AND A

VISION

that appeared to him since his Tryal : Over heard by one of his Keepers in his Chamber :
at the *Kings bench*,

A

S O N G

To the Tune of *State and Ambition*.

I.

A Due to my Title, of Saviour o'th' Nation
My Forty Commissions and *Spanish* Black Bills,
My Twelve pounds a week and all hopes of Salvation,
Six Dishes a day which my *Demons* oft fills : (dom
Now *Oats* must be whipt through each County o'th King-
In each Corporation in *Pillory* must stand,
Out-face the Contempt of all Christians, and when done,
Must turn home for *Tyburn*, to hang and be Damn'd.

II.

I no God nor Devil believed nor feared,
Until since my Tryal one Night in the Goal,
A Legion of Fiends in my Chamber appeared
There over my Brazenfac'd Conscience did quale
They shewed all my Actions, my Bums and my Postures
As weus'd to scamper on Flock-beds and Flours ;
How I am the worst of all *Sodomites* Bastards,
I stuck to my Bums and kickt out all the Whores.

III.

Then *Whitebread* and *Fenwick*, brave *Gavin* and *Harcourt*,
Turner and *Pickering*, *Coleman* and *Langorne*
Ireland, *Grove* *Staely* ; I deserve to hang for't,
And *Stafford* came bleeding and in the same form
Their heads in their hands, they quite round me removed
Blood sprung as from Fountains, where their heads had
This Vision with horror my Conscience reproved (stood,
They left all my Chamber belmeared with Blood.

IV.

No Mercy from God, nor from Man I can hope, for
Abus'd both my Country, my God and my King,
The Destruction of all I most falsely have sworn for
The most Loyal Families to ruin I did bring,

Yet am so Cafe-hardned ; I cannot repent it,
My soul is swelled bigger than it was before :
Elack Treason or Murther, I still would attempt it,
Where I to be Damn'd. and hang'd at the Door.

V.

Toney and *Sidney* were first that Employ'd me,
Sent me to *St. Omers* a Plot for to find ; (me,
They found me a Fool for their turn when they'd try'd
Zounds, I all the while left the Plot here behind,
Which Three parts o'th' Nation with *Toney* had signed,
Resolv'd to Rebel and our King to dethrone ;
But his Stars by providence ours hath out-shined,
And left me like a Rogue to be hang'd all alone.

VI.

Twenty from *St. Omers* all proved me Perjur'd,
And Fifty from *Staffordshire* made it as plain ;
Ireland dy'd wrongfully to my souls hazard,
And all that I swore against dyed the same ;
Besides, my own Evidence came in against me,
Call'd me Rogue, and spiller of Innocent Blood ;
Yet still I'll deny all to save those Advanc'd me,
Whose party maintains me with Gold, Drink & Food.

VII.

Then he like a Hogg fell to snorting I left him,
Ty'd up with his Irons and his bloody black soul,
Content to be Damn'd as Old *Tony* had taught him,
For Perjured Murther, no Fiend e're so foul ;
Yet he must be hang'd for the honour o'th' Nation
That Innocent Blood may not threaten the Crown
Of the King or Queen *Mary*, the Worlds Admiration,
Whose Scepter shall flourish and ne're tumble down.

FINIS.

LONDON; Printed for *James Dean*, Bookseller in *Cranborn-street*, near *Newport-House*
in *Leicester Fields*, 1685.